

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE COURSE OF CONGRESS.

The remarkably complete poll of Congress published by the Journal on Wednesday showed several things of interest, of which three were of especial importance.

1. It showed that no radical currency legislation could be adopted.
2. It showed that a majority of each house favored the recognition of Cuban belligerency.
3. It showed that Hawaiian annexation could be accomplished by joint resolution, but not by treaty.

In the light of these facts the friends of a progressive American policy can see their course laid out clearly before them. As the joint resolution recognizing the Cubans as belligerents can pass the House if brought to a vote, it must be brought to a vote. The only thing that can prevent its passage is obstruction by Speaker Reed. But if that shall be attempted it will be the duty of the majority to assert its power and refuse to submit to the insolent dictation of one man. The House can vote down every special order proposed by the Committee on Rules. The Senate can hold up every measure desired by the Administration. Obstruction can be met by obstruction and by more active reprisals. A majority in each house of Congress is a dangerous thing for even a bravo like Reed to trifle with, if it is prepared to exert its strength.

As to Hawaii, it may be that public opinion, outraged by the favors already showered upon the Sugar Trust, may become so menacing that the few votes needed for the ratification of the treaty may be secured. But meanwhile there is no need of taking risks. While the Senate is discussing the treaty the House may well pass a joint resolution after the Texas precedent. Then, if a two-thirds vote in the Senate seems unattainable, the treaty can be dropped and the joint resolution put through without delay.

The Fifty-fifth Congress can make a name in history if it will. All it needs is courage, determination and patriotism.

THE RAPID TRANSIT PLAN.

The Democratic party of the city of New York cannot afford to be put in a position of antagonism to the proposed rapid transit system. Whoever the Democratic leaders may be, however great may be their influence, hostility on their part to the underground railroad will be equivalent to ruin of the party within the city.

New Yorkers demand a better system of rapid transit than they now have. They demand, furthermore, a system the profits of which will accrue to all the people instead of to the few stockholders of an elevated or a trolley road. They believe that the plan for an underground road, which has been pressed so earnestly, offers the most honest solution of the problem before the people. And so believing, they demand that that plan shall be given effect.

Three months ago New Yorkers believed that there would be no obstacle in the path of the rapid transit enterprise. When the Democratic party was victorious at the polls they were sure of it, for the Democratic convention put in its platform a declaration favoring municipal ownership and, inferentially, approving the rapid transit plan. But to-day the very men who rejoiced in Democratic victory are dubious of its results. They read day by day the words of the leaders "damning with faint praise" the plan for a municipal railroad. They see hour by hour the clauses in the platform which provided for municipal ownership of public monopolies ignored. They are convinced, unwillingly, that somewhere in the Democratic organization there is hostility to this thoroughly democratic plan.

The man, or the faction, opposing the rapid transit plan deserves nothing but condemnation from the people.

HOW MUCH CAN WE STAND?

Americans were seething with virtuous indignation a little while ago because Europe permitted the Sultan to slaughter a couple of hundred thousand Armenians. If the United States were only not prevented by its traditional policy from meddling in Old World affairs it would have leaped at the Assassin's throat. That is what we all said, and it is what most of us believed. Some of us are a little doubtful of it now. We have learned that six hundred thousand men, women and children have perished at our very doors in Cuba within nine months, and we have not risen to bid the horror cease. Wall Street has been able to stay the hand of our Government while a third of the population of Cuba has been exterminated, and it evidently thinks that it can continue to do so while the work of depopulation is completed.

Let the Senate call for all the consular reports from Cuba, and see whether the country's stomach for horrors is as strong as that of the Administration.

IMPROVEMENTS ON THE CYCLE RACE.

Of course we can't have a six days' bicycle race all the time, but there are other wonderful tests of human endurance.

For example, we might have what the Cornishmen call a "purring" match—the contestants kicking each other's shins until pain or exhaustion compels one to give up.

Or the Garden might be given up to one of those Indian functions in which the flesh of the chest, or

the ear, or the back perforated by a skewer, is torn until the sufferer cries enough or the torturer relents.

Perhaps we might recur to the time of the flagellants, and have a procession of these devotees around the ellipse which Barnum's elephants once trod, beating each other with knotted thongs.

These would be more picturesque exhibitions than the cyclists are giving us. But they would not be more brutal.

A QUESTION OF FALSE IMPERSONATION.

The Evening Post acutely remarks: Something ought to be done by somebody to repress the practice among public men of trying to carry their point by giving names to things which have no foundation in fact. Senator Lodge began the practice by calling himself "America," when his name is simply Henry Cabot Lodge. Steve Elkins followed his example, and called himself "America" too, when his name is simply Stephen B. Elkins.

The Post has overlooked the most conspicuous recent instance of this device. The President in his message based his entire Cuban policy upon the assumption that "Spain" had done certain things. Spain had reformed; Spain was never going to be cruel and barbarous any more; Spain ought to be given an opportunity to prove her good intentions. What Mr. McKinley meant by Spain was the little group of politicians headed by Sagasta. The Sagasta Cabinet is composed of just such material as its predecessor, of which an English observer, Mr. Leonard Williams, wrote in the Westminster Review for September:

The Spanish Ministry is not an educative, a moral and a guiding force, but a syndicate of some half a dozen political speculators, who, so far as their private patriotism is concerned, would be ready, for a proper compensation, paid in money to them, paid upon the nail and no questions asked, to sell Cuba or sell Spain, as they already cripple and misuse her by selling places, privileges, or monopolies, weekly, daily, hourly, to the highest bidder.

A FINANCIAL DISLOCATION.

The city will have to borrow something like \$30,000,000 on revenue bonds next year in order to remedy a dislocation in the financial system of its several parts.

In this city it is the established practice to use up the revenues of the calendar year for its current expenses, although the collection does not begin until the Autumn. For eight or nine months there is borrowing in anticipation of revenue, and then a surplus, with which the bonds are paid off until the process begins over for the next year.

In Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond the practice has been to collect taxes one year for the expenses of the next. This is the more rational plan, but in order to apply it to the enlarged city two years' taxes would have to be collected in one year in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx.

It was the line of less resistance to remit taxes for a year in the other boroughs and bring the Greater New York finances to the unsatisfactory basis of the present city, that of paying interest on funds for current expenses for three-quarters of every year. When the system has been unified some means should be found for making it more rational in its operation.

THE PENSION SCANDAL.

The frightful condition of the pension roll, as exposed in Monday's Journal, will demand the earliest attention of Congress. There has never been a year, in the worst of our recent times of depression, when the revenues of the Government would not have yielded a handsome surplus if they had not been swamped by fraudulent pension expenditures. To be compelled, after thirty-three years of unbroken peace, to pay more for war pensions than the cost of any standing army in Europe is a scandal that only a people as patient as the Americans would endure. If the pension roll could be pruned of the undeserving names that the claim agents have forced upon it, Mr. Dingley and Secretary Gage could sleep in comfort. Congress should institute a rigid investigation to find out how much of the public money is being spent on dead men and millionaires, and then follow it up with unflinching reforms.

THE PRESIDENT'S PARDONS.

It is really a pity that President McKinley, being anxious to manifest his kindness of heart and mercy to offenders, should not recognize genius in distress instead of merely extending clemency to commonplace offenders. "Bank wreckers" seem to be the recipients of the Presidential bounty. Every month the President pardons some president or cashier who stole the money committed to his charge and whom a harsh law committed to prison thereafter. Seemingly the very least serious offense of which a man can be guilty, in President McKinley's eyes, is the purloining of money committed to his care by thirty folk of small means who are trying to provide for the future.

If crime is to be looked on so leniently by the Administration, why not pick out a more picturesque variety of crime? The banker who bestows his depositors' money on his typewriter or on his broker hasn't even the quality of romance attached to his thefts. How much more admirable from every point of view is Dan Noble, who robbed banks of \$3,000,000 at a stroke, with the aid of drills and "jimmies." Dan, who robbed banks, had genius. He braved perils and overcame them. He promenade Broadway with an unfinished penitentiary sentence hanging over his head. He laughed at British bolts and bars, as he laughed at ours. Now, after a record glorious in his chosen profession, he is immured in a Sing Sing cell. What a pity the President cannot pardon him!

There is no more contemptible figure in criminal annals than the defaulting banker. There is no crime which does so much to discourage its victims and to wreck their lives as the crime of defalcation by a banker. President McKinley's kindness to this class of criminals is cruelty to the people.

FOR AZAZEL.

Some of the seekers after harmony in the Republican party propose to adopt the Levitical form of sacrifice and expiation in making a scapegoat of Quigg. They would put the sins of the machine upon his head, and send him out into the wilderness for Azazel, and then make their offering on the altar of harmony.

There is one drawback about this solemn ceremony. The evil one of the party is not in the wilderness "up the State," but right here in this city, and he is not likely to be appeased by getting the

wrong goat. He is after the burnt offering and the incense.

The proposed division of sacrifices is not likely to work because of a question as to which head the sins belong upon.

The freedom which General Blanco sees in Cuba will sooner or later drive him to the airship viewing habit.

It is quite evident from the news from Cuba that the people down there know autonomy when the bag is open.

Senator Wellington will find that a newspaper libel suit makes a very poor poultice for injured feelings.

A Maryland physician declares that night caps will prevent insomnia. However, he doesn't mean those that are worn on the interior of the stomach.

The outcome of the Kentucky christening episode shows that Miss Richardson sent that bottle of rare old whiskey to the wrong Administration.

The financial report of the Republican State Committee shows that it cost Mr. Hanna \$50,000 to keep prosperity restored in Ohio.

As a death dealing beverage wood alcohol is rapidly becoming the rival of the Jersey elder which causes its victim to take naps on railway tracks.

When a man's friends cease to urge him for office he can be depended upon to take up the work right where they left off.

Secretary Gage places the end of the deficit in 1896. The Secretary is not placing a vast amount of faith in the revenue producing power of the present tariff law.

The police arrangements for the White House reception will not be complete unless they include an ambulance. An average White House reception is the esteemed contemporary of a football game.

An Arkansas sheriff who permitted a mob to take a murderer from jail and hang him made another vigorous contribution to public sentiment down there by whipping the editor who criticised his weakness. He is evidently a candidate for re-election.

The decrease of wages at Fall River caught Mr. Dingley in the act of trying to explain that his tariff law is in no manner responsible for the shallow condition of the Treasury. The wise man will hesitate to attach his name to a tariff measure.

THE VOICE OF THE COUNTRY.

Nothing but Talk.

The President talks and then he stops. He has nothing to recommend. Despite the brilliant promise of his party's platform, despite his own glowing account of what he would do when he assumed the reins of office, despite his repeated promises to end the war by a decisive demand or by recognition of the belligerent rights of the Cuban patriots, he has done nothing but follow promise by procrastination and procrastination by promise, while civilization has been continually outraged and the American people shocked and rendered indignant by Spain's barbarous and inhuman warfare upon the Cubans—not warfare, but extermination and murder.—Wheeling Register.

McKinley's Robust Faith.

The President has more faith in the promises of Spain in respect to Cuba than we think the majority of his countrymen have.—Buffalo Times.

Cleveland Number Two.

What will the Republican statesmen who so freely denounced President Cleveland's Cuban policy have to say now of Mr. McKinley's acceptance and endorsement of it? Such jingoes as Lodge and Frye who tore passion to tatters in behalf of bleeding Cuba a year ago, will roar you as gently as any sucking doves now.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Galaxy of Periodicals.

Nearly one hundred pages of news, literary matter, and illustrations compose the Christmas number of the New York Journal. This issue, though made by a daily paper, as one number of its regular circulation, comprises actually several different publications, each of which has character and merit enough to maintain independently a high place in the periodical world.—Philadelphia Evening Telegram.

A Presidential Oversight.

In referring to the peace and treaty of Zanjon, which terminated the Ten Years' War, Mr. McKinley is careful not to mention the fact that, while nothing could have been fairer than the Spanish reforms and self-government for Cuba then promised, nothing in history has been more dastardly than the Spanish violation of that treaty.—Washington Times.

How Long Will the People Submit?

The President's message was written especially for Spain, and he gives those people to understand that so far as this Administration is concerned, they can carry on the war with Cuba according to their own plans. How much longer will the American people submit to this outrage?—Fairmount Index.

Opinions on the Message.

A New Magna Charta.

To the Editor of the Journal: Among the many services that the Journal has rendered to the people of the United States, none are of more moment than the publication of the posthumous work of Henry George. This great intellectual and scientific treatise on one of the most engaging and important subjects before mankind is rich in promise of a glorious harvest of economic achievement.

This masterpiece of the great single taxer comes to the world as an evangel, divested of the sophistries and fallacies that causality, a mouldy philosophy and political house-pouss have enshrouded it in the past.

"The Science of Political Economy" is a new Magna Charta of human rights, human liberties and human aspirations. When the principles enunciated therein are crystallized into laws, society will be regenerated and civilization redeemed from the moral and political degeneracy into which they have fallen. I am greatly mistaken if this glorious monument to the noble and philanthropic heart of the greatest of all political economists does not produce a revolution such as the earth has not yet witnessed.

Talk of erecting a monument to perpetuate the fame of Henry George! Why, in the presence of such a work as this, such a proposition seems puerile. This grand work will live while the earth remains, and the honor and fame of its author will be enshrined in the hearts of mankind until the realization of the Apocalyptic vision of the angel proclaiming before the universe that "Time shall be more."

Danbury, Conn., Dec. 7, 1897. J. DOBSON, M. D.

The Christmas Edition.

To the Editor of the Journal: The Christmas edition of the Journal is a miracle of journalism and art. I have hung one of the religious pictures in my parlor.

Washington, Dec. 8, 1897. J. T. H.

A Marvel of Beauty.

To the Editor of the Journal: Your Christmas edition is a marvel of beauty and enterprise. Several of my neighbors have filed it away as a memorial of modern journalism, and I have had two of the pictures framed for my library.

Philadelphia, Dec. 7, 1897. JAMES P. LOUGHLIN.

Modern Journalism.

To the Editor of the Journal: When the Journal employed David B. Hill to appear in the Supreme Court in behalf of the injunction proceedings which have prevented the Aldermen of Brooklyn from giving away forty miles of the city's streets to the trolley companies, it put all its cheap journalistic imitations to shame. Surely a new power for public good has been created by the Journal. One day it prints a signed message from King George of Greece; another day it interviews the President of France, and gets an official statement from the Pope; then it publishes the Goldenrule murders, rescues Miss Clever from her cage, sends the death loop on the Brooklyn Bridge, and still its editors have time to organize the wonderful Christmas edition. Marvelous indeed!

Brooklyn, Dec. 10, 1897. P. O. S.

Cheers, Flags and Glory, Blood, Tears and Sorrow.

BARCELONA, Nov. 22.—The steamship Montserrat, that brought General Weyler over from Cuba, afforded a useful, if ghastly, object lesson in war as she lay at anchor in the harbor of Corunna last Thursday afternoon. On her starboard side steam launches gay with bunting and flags were bringing up high officers of the army in resplendent uniforms, bedecked with medals; members of the Cortes, with ribbons in their buttonholes, and other distinguished public men who had come to pay court to the returning general, to celebrate whose arrival the thunder of cannon resounded. The port gangway was as sombre and silent as the starboard gangway was animated and picturesque. Here were lifted into waiting boats commanded by officers wearing the red cross on their sleeves the emaciated forms of the wounded and fever stricken soldiers who had been brought home to die. On one side of the steamer was illustrated the pomp and ceremony of military display that throws a romantic glamour over warfare; on the other side was demonstrated the hideous reality. In the saloon of the steamship the men who make and direct wars were gathered to form new plans for glory and aggrandizement, while from the steerage were being carried the almost lifeless bodies of the men who, at the bidding of the others, had

of death, and one poor fellow actually died in the boat between the steamer and the pier. There was not one of these seventy-odd left whose condition was not extremely serious. . . . To the waiting mothers on the pier the suspense must have seemed eternal as they strained their weary eyes over the water to the point where the hospital boats were gathered at the side of the Montserrat. They talked among themselves, now in cheerful tones and again with the accent of despair, as hope or fear alternately swayed them, but always with their eager faces turned toward the vessel. I imagined that they were telling one another what a fine fellow her own offspring was, and how good he had always been to her before he went away to become a soldier, forgetting or excusing any pain or suffering a wayward son among them might have inflicted upon a loving mother's heart. . . . Perhaps the mothers were explaining to each other the wonderful arrangements each one had made for the care of her own sufferers, and telling each other how absolutely impossible it will be for a sick man to fall to get well with the nursing each particular one was to have when he was brought home—if, indeed, that particular one was among those who would ever see their homes again! And then, just as the first boatload of patients was leaving the steamer, a file of hospital attendants carrying blue and white canvas stretchers came down the pier, escorted by a detachment of soldiery, who drove the mothers with others to the quay. Here the anxious ones gathered about the ambulances that were waiting to take the sick men to the hospital, until the stretchers, each now bearing its silent burden, were brought off the pier, when the soldiers cleared the quay and its approaches. After that there was nothing for the waiting mothers, fathers, wives, sweethearts, brothers and sisters to do but wait on until the morning, and then go to the hospital for relief from suspense. There doubtless were ended tragedies as sad, and perhaps more numerous as beautiful, as any that we read of in books or even in the newspapers.

The train by which I travelled from Corunna brought two or three carriage-loads of sick soldiers from the Montserrat, who had been discharged as sufficiently recovered to go to their homes. One young fellow—all these soldiers were under twenty-five years of age and many of them under twenty—was assisted by his comrades from the train at Valladolid. His face had turned saffron-color from disease, done the fighting, endured the privation and accepted the suffering. . . . Meanwhile a scene of pathetic interest was being enacted on the long pier whence the sick and dying soldiers were to be landed. A group of twenty or thirty men and women, most of them women and most of these old, wrinkled and haggard, their garments proclaiming the last extremity of poverty, had been gathered at the end of the pier since the first glimmer of dawn, waiting for the Montserrat to be sighted. A boatman told me they were relatives—fathers, brothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts, but mostly mothers—of the soldiers who were expected to be returned from Cuba, incapacitated for war, on the vessel that brought their late captain-general. For several days the boatman said, most of these poor people had been waiting from daylight until long after dark to get the first news of the incoming steamer. Many had come long distances to meet their sick; some on foot. One feeble old man with a long white beard, who could not have been much under eighty years of age, was pointed out to me by the boatman, who said that the patriarch had walked to Corunna from a village nearly thirty miles away, and my informant assured me that some of the women had come on foot even longer distances. They were mostly the mothers who had come to meet the sick soldiers, he said, because the fathers and the younger members of the families could not be spared from work.

The interest these watchers took in the movements on board the Montserrat was pitiful. None in the waiting group knew whether the particular loved one he or she had come to meet had survived the long journey from Cuba or not. Seven men had died during the voyage, but their names could not be learned until the next day, when they would be given out at the Military Hospital in Corunna, where the sufferers were to be taken. Of seventy-seven soldiers who had to be carried ashore, twelve were almost in the throes

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When the train pulled out of the station the three women, somehow or other, had all their arms about the sick soldier's neck and the small boy was jumping up and down, like a gleeful spaniel, all around them, looking for some outlying section of his big brother to hang on to himself.

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Poet Cheney Took the Hint.

THE Halsted Street Social Brothers' Literary and Pleasure Club, of Chicago, had its Winter opening Tuesday night. It was adjourned by a squad of policemen, who responded to the riot call turned in by James A. Fink, over whose saloon the society held its meeting. The Social Brothers and the Chap Book are the twin relics of a great and warm literary Chicago past. The Social Brothers are under bonds to keep the peace, and the Chap Book is mottled as to appearance and shows other evidences of decay. There was a time when Chicago was a light in the world of letters. That was soon after H. H. Kohlsaat, with a soul full of desire to elevate standards and reform morals, and possessing a great balance at the bank, bought the Chicago Times-Herald. As Mulvaney says: "Oh, him days! him days!"

Mr. Kohlsaat, in pursuance of his policy, established a prize literary enterprise, offering weekly prizes for poems and essays. The scheme was managed by the sometime smoke-consumer of the city, and well-known litterateur, Grizzly Adams. Mr. Adams has since changed his name to Frederick Upham Adams, and with B. O. Flower, late of the Arena, is publisher of The New Time, a periodical in which Boston culture and Chicago push are slamed for the good of the masses. Mr. Adams once ran for Mayor of Chicago as the candidate of the Whitechapel Club. His platform was: "No water; no gas; no police," and he received 11,000 votes. The good Grizzly is as fine an all-round dilettante as can be found in the Great Lakes region. He was the organizer of, and personally conducted the horseless carriage contest, and knows the literary game from the break to the anchor nurse. He first insisted on giving the poets a chance.

"I shall offer a \$50 stake for poets," said Mr. Adams. "We have more people in Chicago capable of turning out prime mess poetry than you can find in any other city in the world in proportion to the population, directory count."

In addition to the prizes, Mr. Adams notified contestants that he would accord three cents per line agate measurement, or \$9 per column, for all matter printed but which was awarded no prize. Resident in Chicago is John Vance Cheney, once a Californian and as perfect a specimen of the native-born poet as one may find from Casco Bay to the Colorado Beach. It cannot be said that Cheney is in want. He gets \$7,000 per year salary as custodian of Newberry Library. The term custodian is used advisedly, as it is a reference library, and you read while you wait. The month Mr. Cheney has no poem in Harpers he has one in the Century, and when he is not in either his name is in the index to the current Scribner. Yet Mr. Cheney competed with the talented amateurs. Every week he entered one of the coils of his Pegasus in the race for maiden stakes. It tickled the kind Grizzly Adams. He awarded prizes to all kinds of amateurs, promising and otherwise, but returned all samples having the John Vance Cheney brand. One day a wise notion seized this Chicago literary dictator. He awarded the prizes, \$30, \$25 and \$20, to three miserable four lines of poems. He said himself it was the deed of a dastard or uncommonly brave man to pay so much money for such villanous verse. Then he printed a fifteen-line gem submitted by Mr. Cheney. It was in all sincerity a beautiful verse, as chaste and sweet as dream of maiden. He sent a check for 45 cents—3 cents a line as per prospectus—in payment for it. Mr. Cheney entered into no further competition.

EUGENE TRACY.

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